

The Athenian Mercury:

Saturday, October 21. 1693.

Quest. 1.

What are the Shades of Everlasting Night?
Or where are Souls departed from the Light?
Is there a real Hell, or is't a Bug-bear-fright?

2.

Is it a Mansion of secluded Souls?
Or is't a Lake where liquid Sulphur rolls?
Or is't a Conscience all, which here our Joy controlls?

3.

Come then, Athenians, summon all your Art
To melt a sinking unbelieving Heart,
That scorns your Powers above, and fears no Stygian Dart?

Ans. 1.

Ah Wretch! on yon black Gulph of Horror think,
That waits thy Fall — thou'rt just, just on the brink:
Ah turn, if not too late, turn or for ever sink!

2.

As Heaven is all one Ocean of Delight,
One boundless Joy too wide for Thoughts quick fight,
So must the Hopeless Pains of Hell be infinite.

3.

What e're makes happy must it self display
In those bleis'd Realms above we think so gay,
When dress'd in Suns and Stars, and Peace, and endless Day.

4.

What e're unblest'd, or miserable makes,
Is found in those uncomfortable Lakes
Whose restless rolling Waves the frightened Day forsakes.

5.

As heavenly Manna did that Fast present
Which those who gather'd it would most content,
So here, each Wretch will find what most will him torment.

6.

Desire all raging, Envy like the Fiends,
A Flame which horrid Lustre only lends,
Which inward gnaws and spreads, and never never ends.

7.

'Tis that which doubles every dismal Tell
In those sad Shades where the lost Angels fell,
Eternity, Eternity's the Hell of Hell.

We receiv'd the following Verses from a Woman,
which tho' they contain no Question, and are
somewhat uncorrect, yet for the Honour of her
Sex, and that uncommon Genius that shines in
'em, we think not improper to insert in our
Mercury.

3 H A B B A K K U K:

(1.)

When God from Teman came,
And cloath'd in Glory from Mount Paran thore;
Drest in th' unsufferable Flame
That hides his darling Throne,
His Glory soon eclips'd the once bright Titan's Rays,
And fill'd the trembling Earth with Terror and Amazement.
Resplendent Beams did crown his awfull Head,
And shining brightness all around him spread;
Omnipotence he graspt in his strong Hand,
And listning Death stood waiting on his dread Command;
Waiting till his resistless Bolts he'd throw;
Devouring Coals beneath his Feet did glow:
All Natures Frame did quake beneath his Feet,
And with his Hand he the vast Globe did mete:
The-frighted Nations scattered,
And at his sight the bashfull Mountains fled;

The everlasting Hills their Founder's Voice obey,
And stoop their lofty Heads to make th' Eternal way.
The distant Ethiops all Confusion are,
And Midian's trembling Curtains cannot bide their Fear:
When thy swift Chariots pals'd the yielding Sea,
The blushing Waves back in amazement flee,
Affrighted Jordan stops his flowing Urn,
And bids his forward Streams back to their Fountain turn.

(2.)

Arm'd with thy mighty Bow,
Thou march'dst out against thy daring Foe:
And very terrible thou didst appear
To them, but thus thy darling People cheer.
"Know, Jacob's Sons, I am the God of Truth,
Your Father Jacob's God, nor can I break my Oath:
The Mountains shook as our dread Lord advanc'd,
And all the little Hills around 'em danc'd:
The neighb'ring Streams their verdant Banks o'reflow'd,
The Waters saw and trembled at the sight,
Back to their old Abyss they go,
And bear the News to everlasting Night:
The Mother Deep within its hollow Caverns roars,
And beats the silent Shores.
The Sun above no longer dares to strive,
Nor will his frightened Steeds their wonted Journey drive.
The Moon, to see her Brother stop his Car,
Grew pale, and curb'd her sable Reins for Fear,
Thy threatening Arrows gild their flaming way,
And at the glittering of thy Spear the Heathen dare not stay:
The very sight of thee did them subdue,
And arm'd with Fury thou the Vict'ry didst pursue.

So now, great God, wrapt in avenging Thunder,
Meet thine and William's Foes, and tread them groveling
(under.

To the Compiler of the Pindarick
now recited.

(1.)

We yield! we yield! the Palm, bright Maid! be thine!
How vast a Genius sparkles in each Line!
How Noble all! how Loyal! how Divine!
Sure thou by Heaven inspir'd, art sent
To make the Kings and Nations Foes repent,
To melt each Stubborn Rebel down,
Or the Almighty's bo'ring Vengeance show,
Arm'd with his glittering Spear and dreadful Bow,
And yet more dreadful Frown.
Ah would they hear! ah would they try
Th' exhaustless Mercy yet in store
From Earths and Heavens offended Majesty,
Both calmly ask, Why will they dye?
Ah! would they yet Repent, and sin no more!

(2.)

How blest'd, how happy we,
Cou'd all we write one Convert make,
How gladly New Affronts cou'd take
One Convert to dear Virtue, and dear Loyalty?
Tho' the full Crop reserv'd for thee.
O Virgin! touch thy Lyre:
What Fiend so stubborn to refuse
The soft yet powerful Charms of thy Celestial Muse?
What gentle Thoughts will they inspire!
How will thy Voice, how will thy Hand,
Blaspheming Legions to the Deep Command!
Black Rebel Legions murmuring take their flight,
And sink away to conscious Shades of everlasting Night:
While those they left, amazed stand,

And scarce believe themselves, themselves to find
Cloath'd, calm, and in a better Mind.

(3.)

Begin, begin thy Noble Choice,
Great William claims thy Lyre and claims thy Voice,
All like himself the Hero shew,
Which none but thou canst do.
At Landen paint him, Spears and Trophies round,
And twenty thousand Deaths upon the slippery ground:
Now, now the dreadful Shock's begun,
Fierce Luxemburg comes thundering on:
They charge, retreat, return and fly,
Advance, retire, kill, conquer, dye!
Tell me some God, what Gods are those
Enwrapt in Clouds of Smoak and Foes,
Who oft the tottering Day restore?
'Tis William and Bavaria, say no more!
William — that lov'd, that dreadfull Name!

Bavaria! Rival of his Fame.

A third comes close behind, who shou'd he be?
'Tis Ormond! mighty Ormond! sure 'tis he:
'Tis nobly fought — they must prevail;
Ah no, our Sins weigh down the doubtfull Scale.
Ah thankless England, they engag'd for thee,
Or never cou'd have miss'd the Victorie:
With high Disdain from the moist Field they go,
And dreadfully Retreat, yet Face the trembling Foe.

(4.)

Thus sing, Bright Maid! thus and yet louder sing,
Thy God and King!
Cherish that Noble Flame which warms thy Breast,
And be by future Worlds admir'd and bless'd:
The present Ages short-liv'd Glories scorn,
And into wide Eternity be born!
There Chast Orinda's Soul shall meet with thine,
More Noble, more Divine;
And in the Heaven of Poetry for ever shine:
There all the glorious few,
To Loyalty and Virtue true,
Like her and you.
'Tis that, 'tis that alone must make you truly great,
Not all your Beauty equal to your Wit,
(For sure a Soul so fine
Wou'd ne're possess a Body less divine)
Not all Mortality to loudly boast,
Which withers soon and fades,
Can ought avail when hurry'd to th' uncomfortable Coasts,
Where wander wide lamenting Ghosts,
And thin unbody'd Shades.
'Tis Virtue only with you goes,
And guards you thro' ten thousand Foes;
Hold fast of that, 'twill soon direct your flight
To endless Fame and endless Light;
If that you lose, you sink away,
And take eternal leave of Day.
Then fly false Man if you'd an Angel prove,
And consecrate to Heaven your Nobler Love.

The RAPTURE, by the same Hand.

1.

Lord! if one distant glimpse of thee
Thus elevate the Soul,
In what a height of Extasie
Do those bless'd Spirits roll

2.

Who by a fixt eternal View
Drink in immortal Raies;
To whom unveiled thou dost shew
Thy Smiles without Allays?

3.

An Object which if mortal Eyes
Cou'd make approaches to,
They'd soon esteem their best-lov'd Toys
Not worth one scornfull View.

4.

How then, beneath its load of Flesh
Wou'd the vex'd Soul complain!
And how the Friendly Hand she'd bless
Wou'd break her hated Chain!

Quest. 3. by the same.

Charg'd on my Duty still to entertain
Oreste's Passion with an high Disdain;
I forc'd my Tongue to act as Cold a part
As e're it cou'd unto my burning Heart:
But still my faithfull and more generous Eyes
Wou'd show him all its secret Treacheries:
Then tell, ye Heirs to ancient Athens Fame,
Some way with more Address to hide my Flame?

Ans.

And can your fatal Sex, form'd to deceive,
Want Arts to make us what you please, believe?
Your Tongue it self cou'd sacred Duty sway,
And yet not make your stubborn Eyes obey:
You're all a Miracle, but will be more
If still unmov'd, you let your Swain adore;
Stifle those Flames which from your Hearts arise,
Or if they still fly upwards, hide your Eyes.

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